Face Off 2: The Caboose

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Face Off 2: The Caboose

by DBMars

Summary

Hannibal has booked a romantic getaway on the Orient Express to enjoy with his husband, Will. But the trip has another purpose -- helping his old friend Nigel escape Parisian authorities. Now the "family" is spending the night in close quarters on the most luxurious train in the world. Will doesn't know exactly what he thinks about this man wearing his husband's face, but the night is bound to be interesting, to say the least. Will there be Murder on the Orient Express?

Notes

This was written as part of Bottom Hannibal Fest 2023.

Prompt from @teacup_analogy: "On the train? A fancy train with sleeper cars, a sommelier and a Michelin chef. Like the Orient Express from Paris to Venice"

The first chapter was a gift to @beanyzilla for Valentine's Day!

Life is the Train, Not the Station

Chapter 1: Life is the Train, Not the Station

"Let me get this straight." Will shifted his bag on his shoulder as they waited to board the train. The porters, he noticed, were all wearing vintage turquoise uniforms with gold piping. They reminded Will of high school marching band regalia. "You booked *us* a romantic train getaway and invited… some Romanian guy you met while you had me, ah… tucked away in the BSHCI?"

"I extended the invitation to him to secure his escape from the Paris authorities," Hannibal explained with his usual maddening patience as they advanced forward in the line of travelers. "The security for a luxury train journey is remarkably lax. It was easy enough to add plus-one to our reservations. We'll look like a family."

"A *family* ?" Will blinked with an incredulous scoff. "What, like brothers or something?"

"Myself, my brother, and my husband, yes," Hannibal said as he withdrew their tickets from the inner pocket of his suit jacket.

"You're not exactly… a generic looking man," Will said.

"And that's why you find me so devastatingly handsome," Hannibal teased him as they waited for an older couple to be assisted into the train car.

"No – well, yeah, actually – but I'm just… surprised you happen to know some criminal who looks enough like you to pass as your brother."

"It's a fascinating story," Hannibal said as he handed the porter their tickets and luggage. "And I'll tell it to you once we've settled in."

Hannibal had booked a grand suite, of course, the "Paris," which featured a plushy white double bed, couch, private dining table, and marble ensuite bathroom. It was on a train, so the space was small, but there was no reason to begrudge cramped quarters. The enormous windows would provide glorious views on their journey from Paris to Venice, and apparently the room came with bottomless champagne and 24-hour butler service. As the porter set down their bags, their personal butler, an older man with a soothing accent and perfect French and English introduced himself as Michel. Hannibal immediately ordered champagne and extra blankets and pillows.

The train wasn't moving yet and they had champagne whilst unpacking. "This is certainly… your brand of romance," Will said, watching Hannibal pull out several lubes, massage oils, and sex toys from his luggage, slipping them in a tiny drawer at the bedside. The lime-green vibrator wouldn't fit in the drawer, so he left it sitting out on a shelf near the bar glasses, which made Will chuckle.

“My brand of romance?” Hannibal asked with a pleasant quirk of his mouth.

“This is your thing, darlin’. Unrivaled decadence, Old-World nostalgia, fine dining, and you brought half the sex toy collection… except it’s, ah, gonna be a little *cramped* in here when company comes. You sure you wanna leave that thing sitting out?” He gestured to the violently green alien cock illuminated by the crystalline bar lights.

Hannibal paused, slipping off his blazer and hanging it up in the small closet. Then he closed the distance and stroked a hand along Will’s cheek. “I met Nigel at a very strange time in my life. I’d just locked you away for reasons I didn’t entirely understand. He helped me realize that I loved you, Will.”

“If he’s so important, how come you never told me about him before?”

“Probably because we slept together.”

“What?” Will barked, choking on his champagne.

At that moment, the door burst open and a man stepped in, shutting it quickly behind himself as if he were being followed. Will’s champagne flute, luckily almost empty, slipped from his fingers and bounced on the edge of the bed before rolling harmlessly to the floor.

The man – Nigel, had to be – looked so much like Hannibal it was fucking *uncanny* . Different eye shade, a little lighter hazel-brown, more blonde in his long hair that brushed the back of his collar and fell carelessly on either side of his forehead, but his face – the cheekbones, eye shape, that *mouth*... they could have been long-lost twins.

“This is really fucking nice,” Nigel said, surveying the room, tossing a beat-up duffel bag on the couch. He was just a little taller than Hannibal, and broader in the shoulders. The most distinctive difference between them was his enormous neck tattoo. It featured a death’s head moth, the body running down his larynx and the wings wrapping around either side of his throat. It was richly detailed and supremely intricate. Will didn’t know much (or anything) about tattoos, but he’d seen enough bad ones on other people to know this one was incredibly good.

“Nigel,” Hannibal greeted, squeezing past Will to offer a hand. Nigel scoffed and pulled him into a tight hug, gripping the back of Hannibal’s head and pressing him close. Will felt his cheeks flush and his lower lip protrude slightly before he checked himself. As Nigel stepped back, Will tried not to notice how absolutely jacked he was, the black polo he wore straining against the muscles beneath. He looked like a criminal, that was for sure, all tattoos, gold chains, and swagger.

“Not gonna ask me how I got in trouble this time?” Nigel joked as they parted.

“I’m sure it’s none of my business,” Hannibal smiled. His hand stole out and touched a little round scar on Nigel’s forehead. “Remarkable. You can barely see it anymore.”

“I had it lasered off a couple times like fucking Star Trek,” Nigel explained as Hannibal handed him a glass of champagne. “This must be Will, the Will I heard so much about four

years ago."

"Hey." Will retrieved his glass from the floor and tried to seem nonchalant. Inside, his mind was screaming wordlessly into the void. Nigel came right over to him and shook his hand vigorously, squeezing hard to assert his dominance. Will had strong hands, too – his victims knew that well enough – and he gave as good as he got. "Are we gonna break bones or talk about it like adults?" he said through gritted teeth.

Nigel released his hand, then rested his palms on Will's shoulders, giving them an affectionate squeeze. "Then let's fucking talk about it." He sank onto the couch and patted the cushion next to him as Hannibal handed out more champagne. "First order of business. You want to know why I fucking look like your husband."

"Yeah, I… fucking *do* ," Will said, wry and a little nasty. They all paused for a moment as the train whistle blew. A few seconds later the cars began to move, now rocking in a constant, soothing rhythm, Paris sliding by out the window. At the moment, the view through the wide grand suite windows was mostly concrete fencing full of graffiti and shabby neighborhoods that butted up to the tracks, a stark reminder of the income difference between the people *on* the Orient Express and those forced to watch it go by from their kitchen windows, an unobtainable luxury.

"I killed a few people in Italy when I was much younger," Nigel said after gulping another flute of champagne. Will had to admit he enjoyed how that made Hannibal wince at the indelicacy. "And I needed a new face before going back to Romania. I saw a picture in the newspaper of–"

" *Il Mostro di Firenze* ," Will murmured. "Holy shit. Did you *know* Hannibal then?"

"We met by chance when I went to Bucharest for a conference." Hannibal sank onto a chair at the dining table, turning it to face them. "Not long after you'd been imprisoned, Will."

"Not long after you framed me," Will corrected, but it was with the hint of a smile.

"If it helps, he fucking regretted it," Nigel said, leaning forward to receive more champagne in his flute, a delicate glass that looked fantastically breakable in his blunt, veiny grip.

"Imagine my surprise to encounter a man who looked so much like me. Of course I had to speak with him." Hannibal rolled up his shirtsleeves, avoiding, Will thought, eye contact with either of them for a moment.

"So, what, you, ah… picked him up in a bar and took him home…?" Will ran his hands through his hair and rubbed his face.

"Not exactly." Hannibal recounted the story of saving Nigel from thugs and his convalescence in Hannibal's vacation home.

"And… that's when you…" Will trailed off.

“Fucked? Yeah.” Nigel got up and cracked the train window. The window decal had a no smoking sign that he actively ignored, lighting up. “But don’t worry about it. He was in love with you. He had it *bad* .” Nigel laughed, tapping ash out the window as they passed another length of concrete barriers. Some graffiti artist had drawn an enormous cock and balls in neon colors and Will paused to appreciate the sheer size of its day-glo glory. “And I had it bad for my ex-wife, Gabi.” Nigel’s face – Hannibal’s face – went stony and hard for a moment before he shook it off like a dog spraying water from its fur. “But she’s not around anymore, and neither is her greasy fucking boyfriend, thanks to *you* .” He nodded to Hannibal, who raised his champagne glass so they could toast. “And that kidney pie you made, I still dream about how fucking good it was.”

Will blinked, body rigid with shock. Nigel knew about the murders and the cannibalism and was a participant? “If we’re bringing everything into the open, let me just say… Hannibal, I’m, uh, I’m… still wondering why you didn’t tell me about this.”

“Have you detailed to me everyone you’ve ever slept with?”

“It’s not the sex!” Will cried. “It’s the murder and–”

“Listen,” Nigel interrupted, blowing smoke. “I don’t want to be in the middle of this fucking marriage therapy. It happened, you should have told him–” he pointed at Hannibal with his cigarette, “-and *you* need to move on, unless you want this to be a fucking deal-breaker.” This he directed at Will. “That’s it. Untwist your knickers and fucking let it go.”

The tension in the room dialed back a bit. Hannibal got up and sat next to Will on the sofa, holding his hand. “I’m sorry,” he said.

“It’s okay,” Will soothed. “Just, ah… when we get home after this, I’d like you to… tell me more about anyone else like…” He nodded to Nigel.

“I will.” Hannibal kissed his knuckles, then his lips.

“All right, fucking fantastic, let’s enjoy our vacation then, huh? Brother? Brother-in-law?” Nigel grinned, lifting the champagne bottle directly to his lips and draining it, then taking the final drag from his cigarette and flicking it out the window. “We’re like the Brady Bunch from hell.”

A Train Carries the Shadow of its Lights

Chapter Summary

> The "family" enjoys a night of luxury, fine dining, and lots of alcohol before heading back to their sleeper car.

Hannibal, of course, changed his clothes before they headed to the dining car, slipping into a pale gray three-button suit jacket and matching trousers, switching out his watch for one that matched his belt and shoes better. Nigel elbowed Will while they waited and gave him a snarly grin. “He’s so fucking fancy. But it’s cute, eh? He’ll rip out somebody’s lungs while they’re still fucking breathing and then he spends twenty minutes picking a pair of cufflinks.”

Will couldn’t help it. He broke into a wide smile and ran his hand through his hair. “Yeah, it is. Cute, I mean. Not that he’d prefer that word, I guess.”

“We’re talking about you, by the way,” Nigel called to the other side of the suite where Hannibal was tying his shoes. “All kinds of nasty shit.” Will laughed openly, feeling the tension in his shoulders relax.

The dining car was opulent, of course, boasting three Michelin stars and a celebrity chef (though Will had never heard of him, of course). Caviar, then pumpkin soup with egg, raisins, and chestnuts, followed by beef filet in a red-wine reduction and lobster with white pudding and spinach. Dessert was *poire belle-Hélène.*

“The sommelier seems to know his business,” Hannibal commented after taking a sip of wine and pairing it with a mouthful of beef.

“Sorry it’s not human flesh,” Nigel said, elbowing Will who laughed behind his napkin, trying to shush him. “Maybe we should do a fucking *Murder on the Orient Express* .”

“A bit on the nose, don’t you think?” Hannibal asked with a raised brow and Nigel and Will burst out laughing.

After dinner it was off to the “Bar Car” where “one digestif” turned into several drinks and lively conversation. Maybe it was the alcohol, but Will was more instantly at ease with Nigel then he’d been with anyone since, well, Hannibal. And it wasn’t just because of the face. These two men were so incredibly different and yet Will understood now what Hannibal had enjoyed about spending time with this man. He was a coiled snake of danger ready to strike at any moment, volatile, but that also meant passionate. And funny – fuck, he was hilarious and charming, never letting either of them take themselves too seriously.

The dining car served a midnight brunch, and Hannibal rounded them up to attend, declaring he was done drinking and would be in charge of corralling the two of them. Another meal did help them sober up a bit before heading back to their suite, where the butler had made a bed for Nigel on the sofa with the extra blankets and pillows.

Hannibal undressed with his usual care, hanging up his clothes. Will dug through his luggage, watching Nigel out of the corner of his eye. The Romanian kicked off his shoes and peeled off his socks, leaving them in an unceremonious pile, then wavered into the bathroom with a toothbrush in his mouth. Will took off his shoes and set his wallet and phone on the little shelf next to his side of the bed.

Nigel came back out and tossed his toothbrush on his open duffel bag that lay splayed out on a dining room chair like a gutted animal. Will came closer, unbuttoning the cuffs of his shirt. “Tell me about this.” He motioned to his own neck.

“You like it?” Nigel lifted his chin to show the death’s-head moth design off again.

“It’s a vast improvement,” Hannibal said as he bent to remove his slacks and hang them up.

“What was there before?”

“I had like a… pin-up girl right here.” Nigel motioned to the side of his neck where one of the moth’s wings curled around. “One of my friends did it. Hannibal’s right, it wasn’t very good.”

“Why the moth?” Will stepped closer, examining the intricate, half-realistic-half-stylized design.

“Because it looks fucking cool,” was Nigel’s deeply symbolic response. He’d clearly thought long and hard about what the moth meant to him before having it tattooed on his neck forever

“Yeah, well. I mean, it does,” Will agreed, stepping closer still, eyes fixed on the ink.

Nigel’s inelegant, dangerous hand closed on his shoulder, then stole up to rest on the side of his face, thumb caressing the soft skin below his eye. Will started, but he didn’t pull away. Nigel wasn’t looking at him, though. He was making eye contact with Hannibal, who was sitting on the side of the bed, undressed to his underwear, shirt open but still on his shoulders

Hannibal nodded to Nigel with a Cheshire smile that Will knew always meant trouble.

Good trouble.

Beauty is Like a Train That Ceaselessly Roars

Chapter Summary

There's a good chance Hannibal planned for this to happen. He's always ten steps ahead.

Chapter 3: Beauty Is Like a Train That Ceaselessly Roars

Will opened his mouth to say something but the hand on his face slid back into his hair. Nigel drew their bodies together with his other palm flat on the bow of Will's back, crushing him in. Will instinctively grasped at Nigel's hips with a quick intake of breath and then Nigel's mouth was on his. His lips were shaped like Hannibal's, but the kiss was thrillingly foreign. Hannibal liked to have a few kisses without tongue before diving in, but Nigel got right in there, colonizing Will's mouth, then biting at his bottom lip, sucking on it before welcoming Will's tongue between his teeth. Nigel tasted like mint and cigarettes and he smelled like fresh sweat and smoke. His body was hard and dangerous and Will wasn't sure he'd be able to get away even if he wanted to.

"You taste so sweet, gorgeous…" Nigel pushed Will against the train car's window with a hollow thud, hands hungry, groping at him like they were frantic for touch in the back of a seedy nightclub, not in a luxury suite on the Orient Express. It was intoxicating. Will was breathing hard as Nigel continued his relentless kisses, pulling Will's hair and then stroking it, reaching between them and cupping and squeezing Will's cock, earning a hitched gasp.

"His neck," Hannibal advised. Nigel and Will both turned when he spoke. Hannibal was naked on the bed now, laying on his side with one leg up, a large two-pronged prostate massager halfway inserted, shiny with lube. "He'll do anything if you kiss his neck, Nigel."

"That's not–" Will almost protested before Nigel's lips closed around his throat, undulating his tongue over his pulse point, nuzzling and kissing down the slope of his neck and pushing his shirt collar out of the way. Will felt his body flush, his blood go molten, his desire swirl velvet across his skin. And true to Hannibal's word, when Nigel pulled him away from the window and sat down on the couch and told Will to strip, nice and slow, Will did it without question, feeling Hannibal's gaze burning into him from the bed.

"That was beautiful, darling," Hannibal complimented breathlessly from where he reclined on the pillows, one hand holding the sex toy in the right position, the remote for the vibrator clutched in his other.

Nigel beckoned him over and Will straddled his lap as the train clacked along across the darkened Italian countryside. The gangster with his husband's face groped his bare flesh, kissing his mouth and his neck, stroking his length and making Will moan and tremble. "Nice cock," he said with ungraceful admiration, earning a chuckle from Hannibal on the bed.

“Nice ass, too.” Nigel gripped Will’s cheeks in both hands and squeezed, massaging them simultaneously.

“I’d love to see yours,” Will admitted, breathing hard and emitting a little begging mewl when Nigel reached a finger into his crevice and traced his hole.

“Take his clothes off, Will,” Hannibal suggested, and Will obeyed, sliding his hands under Nigel’s black polo and revealing his lean, muscular chest and broad shoulders. There were more tattoos here – a series of roses climbing up his ribs and covering one pectoral, blood dripping from the thorns, skulls hidden in the flowers. Nigel clearly shaved his chest, probably to show off his ink, and he hummed in pleasure as Will caressed the petals before kneeling to unbuckle his belt.

When Nigel stood, his cock – holy shit, massive – hanging heavily between his legs, Hannibal had his first orgasm, breath catching in a sharp inhale and mellow exhale. “You like this?” Nigel asked Hannibal as Will kissed down his chest, sinking to his knees to press his lips against Nigel’s taut belly. Will nuzzled just above Nigel’s growing erection, breathing on it before touching it, hands groping his ass in turn. “I bet you were fucking planning on this, weren’t you, conniving little shit.”

“I like to keep all possibilities open for exploration,” Hannibal said, sitting up a little higher on the pillows and adjusting the vibrator, cock swollen and shiny with the moisture he’d milked out of it.

“He fucking planned this,” Will confirmed before opening wide for Nigel’s cock.

“Turn a bit to the side, please,” came Hannibal’s request. Nigel adjusted and Will followed his lead, giving Hannibal a better view as he swallowed Nigel down, choking briefly on the fleshy girth, reveling in the dangerous hand that stroked his hair so affectionately.

“How is he?” Hannibal asked breathily.

“Really fucking good…” Nigel groaned, tipping his head back and squeezing his eyes shut. “Fuck…!”

“See how deep you can go, Will,” Hannibal requested. Just over the rumble of the train was the rumble of the vibrator.

Will took a breath and relaxed his throat more, curling his hands around Nigel’s ass and deepthroating, letting Nigel pull his hair and fuck into his throat. “Oh, yeah, gorgeous, you’re so good,” Nigel growled, the words distorted with pleasure.

“Don’t let him finish, Will.” This, even as Hannibal came again, untouched, from the prostate stimulation.

Will grabbed the hand holding his hair and yanked on it. Nigel cursed but let Will release his cock, leaving it hard and wet with his saliva, Will’s lips swollen with his efforts.

“It *is* getting a little lonely over here,” Hannibal said, slipping the toy out of his ass and getting up on his knees.

Nigel offered Will a strangely gentlemanly hand and helped him to his feet, escorting him to the bed like they were walking out onto a dance floor for a slow song. “Come here, beloved.” Hannibal drew Will to the side of the bed, pausing to kiss him and stroke his face. “Lie down…” He stretched Will out on the bed beneath him and kissed his face, lips, neck, chest, licking his belly from the navel downward. He lifted Will’s cock to his lips and drew it into the cradling warmth of his tongue as Nigel approached, taking Hannibal by the hips after sliding on a condom he’d apparently had in his bag. He stood behind and spread Hannibal’s cheeks to penetrate him as Will enjoyed his other opening and the beautiful view of Nigel fucking his husband, his visual twin, kneading his ass, gripping his hips, spilling a litany of curses and adoring phrases in what was probably Romanian.

Nigel locked eyes with Will, and it made him climax, shooting into Hannibal’s mouth with a strangled moan. Hannibal swallowed it down greedily, humming a pleasured sound. “Nice work, Doctor,” Nigel complimented through his panted breaths, giving Hannibal’s ass a congratulatory slap as he continued drilling him within an inch of his life. When Will got his shit together, he grabbed the lube and flipped onto his stomach, coating himself from the back of his scrotum up to the end of his crack. They didn’t have time for full penetration, but Nigel took Will’s cue and repositioned Hannibal on top of Will so he could fuck Will’s crevice, cockhead butting up against his balls while simultaneously being railed.

The licentious slap of skin and squelch of moisture filled the elegant train car until Hannibal came, clutching Will’s back and shoulders, biting down on his neck for a sweetly painful moment and soaking his thighs and the blanket below. This likely caused his ass to clench, and Nigel’s marathon fucking ended with a loud moan-shout of exquisite pleasure.

After, Will and Hannibal lay in each other’s arms. Nigel got up just long enough to get rid of the condom and have a smoke out the window. The cigarette expired and he flicked the butt out the window. “Move over,” he ordered with a cocky grin, squeezing into the bed with Will and Hannibal, Will in the middle, snuggled in a tangle of arms and legs.

Will kissed his husband with a satisfied sigh. “I love you. I mean, Nigel’s right, you are a conniving little shit, but I love you.”

“I love you too, Will.”

“It was nice meeting you, Nigel,” Will said.

“Fucking likewise,” came the exhausted mumble from the pillow beside him.

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